

Little Slut

*Ultimate Reddie Smut
Series - III*

yallreddieforthis

Little Slut by yallreddieforthis

Series: [Ultimate Reddie Smut Series \[3\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Anal Sex, Blow Jobs, Caught, Dirty Talk, Humiliation, Kitchen Sex, M/M, Praise Kink, Public Blow Jobs, Public Humiliation, Public Sex, Semi-Public Sex, Sex, Smut, Verbal Humiliation

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-02

Updated: 2017-11-02

Packaged: 2020-02-01 00:03:43

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,234

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eddie has a public sex/humiliation kink and teases Richie until he needs to bring him into the other room and teach him a lesson, even if that means almost getting caught.

Little Slut

Author's Note:

It seems like all my stories begin with them teasing each other in front of their friends.

Anyways! I love love LOVE this prompt and it was suggested by foreveryoungwriters

Please read the end for more information on prompt submissions.

(Also, I know I got a suggestion for bottom!Richie before this one but I had already begun writing and I couldn't stop myself so I apologize to those who suggested it--there was more than one--and I'll try to begin that one as soon as I can)

"Oh, you're getting up? Could you grab us some chips and dip while you're at it?" Mike asks Eddie and Richie the moment they stand up. They were all gathered at Bill's house for their monthly board game night and they were currently in a never-ending game of Monopoly that Richie and Bev refused to stop because *'this is how the game is supposed to be!'*

"Sure... come on, Eds," Richie says with a tight grip on Eddie's hand and a fake grin plastered on his face. Truthfully, Richie was pretty pissed. Not really, since Richie Tozier didn't exactly know what it was like to be properly angry or upset with his little Eds, but he was still pretty damn frustrated. He hadn't done much, but Richie still knew it was on purpose; accidentally brushing against him when he was reaching over to move his piece, giving him those 'subtle' looks when he practically eye-fucked him. Richie knew what he wanted and he was going to give it to him.

When they got into the kitchen Eddie went to the side of the kitchen

farthest from the door and leaned up on his tippy toes to look in the high up cupboard. He just *happened* to be wearing those damned red shorts he hadn't worn in years, but *by chance*, he was wearing them tonight. *It's laundry day, Rich!*. Laundry day his ass.

"Can you reach this bowl for me-" Eddie was cut off all of a sudden when his boyfriend gripped his hips from behind and lifted him off the ground, spinning them over so he could sit him down on the counter in the center of the room. "Richie, what are you..." he breathes out with a flustered expression even though he knew he had been trying for this.

"You shouldn't tease me like that..." he whispers between hot kisses against his exposed neck. "Now you're going to have to take care of me, Eds..."

"H-Here? In front of everyone?" he whispers with a shocked expression. His face was one of fear and worry but their eyes were communicating in a sort of unspoken language; Richie knew he wanted this. If he didn't he would've safeworded by now, and he still had the opportunity to at any point.

"Yes sweetie, right here," Richie smirks and slides his shirt over his head, setting it down on the counter next to him as he unties the drawstring of those god-awful shorts.

Eddie looks around in surprise when Richie starts to fully undress him "But you don't need to-"

"Get you naked? Oh but I want to, honey. Good sluts are at their best

when they're on display..." he runs his long fingers down his bare chest. With an arm wrapped around his back, Richie held him up while he used his free hand to slide his shorts and boxers off at the same time.

Eddie shivers at the cool surface against his sensitive skin and feels painfully aware at how exposed he was. Any of his friends could walk in at any moment and find him like this. And he was so unbelievably turned on.

Richie unzips his ripped jeans and pulls his growing cock out through the hole. Eddie pouts softly to himself because *why didn't Richie have to be naked for this?* He watches the way Richie touches himself lustfully but still had that nagging feeling in the back of his anxiety-ridden brain screaming '*someone could walk in here right now*'.

"Someone has to teach you a lesson, sweetheart..." Richie says with a fake pitiful look and steps in between Eddie's legs to teasingly rub the tip against his hole.

"We don't have any lube," Eddie says all of a sudden when the realization had hit him.

Richie runs his fingers through his hair softly. "Awe... well I guess you'll have to get it wet yourself, won't you?" His fingers grip down on his hair all of a sudden and Eddie drops down onto his knees like he was born to do it.

Richie groans at the way Eddie's lips wrap around him without hesitation, nothing but familiarity and years of practice slipping off of

his tongue. Eddie knew he couldn't make Richie cum like this because he would be very upset if he ruined his little plan so instead of trying to please him he focused his attention on getting his cock as wet as possible. He slurped and spat all over it because he knew the better job he did the less painful it would be for him later on.

Richie looked down at Eddie with a firm grip on his hair as he guided his head back and forth. Eddie wondered why Richie suddenly held onto his hair tighter and pressed him further against the counter until he heard footsteps across the room.

"What's taking you so long? Where's Eddie?" Stan's voice traveled through the room and he sounded a lot less drunk than the rest of them yelling at each other in the other room.

"He couldn't find a bowl up there so he's looking in the bottom cupboards," Richie says smoothly and tugs lightly on Eddie's hair to get his attention. Eddie slides the cupboard next to him open and starts loudly fumbling with the bowls and pots underneath while his boyfriend's dick is still very much down his throat. The worst part was that Richie was still guiding his head up and down his cock by his hair even while speaking to their friend right across the room from them.

Stan narrows his eyes at him suspiciously. "Well... hurry up. I'd rather they throw food at each other and make a mess than continue to throw the hotels at each other and losing all the pieces to my game." Stan leaves the room without another word.

Richie pulls his head back and bends down to pick him up and set him back down on the counter. "Good boy," he whispered softly with a sweet kiss. It was sort of breaking out of character but he could feel

how tense Eddie was during that and thought he deserved a bit of praise.

The softness didn't last long as he pried his knees apart and spread his legs in front of him. "You better hope no one walks in again, baby boy... Wouldn't want them to see what a little slut their precious Eddie is," he whispers into his ear as he starts to push inside of him. Eddie's face turns a bright red and he bites down on his lip to try and hold back any noises as Richie slowly pushes all the way in. Eddie hooked his legs around Richie's waist as though he was making sure he wouldn't leave and tried to pull him in deeper even if it wasn't possible. Richie watches Eddie's face with a small smirk as he starts to slowly grind his hips up against him and Eddie feels so exposed at the way Richie is watching him, but deep down he begs that his eyes will never stray away from him. Eddie bit down on his fist to prevent any noises as Richie starts to pick up the pace and the taller boy tilts his head, his long curls sliding off of one shoulder to another. "Why so quiet? They deserve to hear how you like to beg for my cock," he speaks in such a sultry tone in a voice that sounds like he's making no attempt to whisper even if he knew they wouldn't be able to hear him over their shouting out there. It's like he wanted Eddie to think he hoped they got caught.

Eddie almost jumped at a sudden eruption of laughter, making Richie leans in closer. "See? They aren't listening, just let go..." Eddie looks into his eyes and sees nothing but love and he allows himself to place his trust in him.

"Okay..." he finally whimpers as Richie continues thrusting into him at a steady pace. As soon as the words slip past his lips Richie starts to pound his hips against him and Eddie can't help but let out a few subtle moans. "Fuck..." he whispers against Richie's neck. He was always verbal in bed and holding back the symphony of swears he wanted to release was taking all the willpower he had.

"That's right, baby... feels good, huh? Knowing everyone's out there, knowing they could walk in any second... knowing they might be able to hear us..." Richie slows his hips down to give Eddie the chance to process his words. "But you like it, don't you?" Eddie simply whimpers and nods with his face still pressed against the dip between his shoulder and neck. "Yeah... you're my little whore, aren't you?" Another nod. Richie slowly leans in until Eddie can feel his lips against his earlobe "Say it..." he whispers, the words echoing through Eddie's skull like a ricocheting bullet. "What are you, Eds?" Richie continues to taunt and Eddie can practically hear him smirking by his smug tone. "Your little whore..." Eddie whispers back without any hesitation. Richie continues to thrust shallowly against him, clearly waiting for more. "I'm *your* slut, I belong to you..." he says breathlessly against Richie's skin. He knew Richie couldn't handle it when he spoke dirty so he thought this might be an opportunity to get some leverage over the situation. "You fuck me so good..." he whimpers in that high voice he used when he was overwhelmed with pleasure.

Richie growls against Eddie shoulder and grips onto his hips in a way that lets Eddie know he'll be bruised for a week. He holds him down and starts to pound into him hard, hitting his prostate dead on every three or four snaps of his hips and Eddie's head rolls back as he struggles not to go limp in his arms.

Suddenly Richie's movements freeze and Eddie opens his eyes to probably whine and beg for him not to stop but when he sees Richie looking ahead he looks back over his shoulder to see what it was. Bill had just walked in and went straight for the fridge which was directly in front of the entrance to the kitchen. What that meant was that he hadn't turned his head once and, to their knowledge, had no idea they were fucking on his parents' new countertops. He was wearing some ridiculous sunglasses he bought and bent down in the fridge, shuffling around for something.

Eddie's nails sunk into Richie's arm as the boy begun to slowly grind his hips up into Eddie's prostate, causing the smaller boy to bite down hard on his lip in an attempt not to scream out in pleasure. Bill stood back up with a 6 pack of Coke and spun around the opposite direction of the very naked boy on his counter before walking back into the living room while whistling a random tune.

Before Eddie could comment on how close that was he was cut off by Richie's hips forcefully slamming themselves against his, causing him to just let go and lay back on the counter with no more fucks to give. Richie threw Eddie's legs over his shoulders for an even better position that sent his cock pounding against his prostate with every push. Eddie could feel himself reaching the edge without having been touched at all tonight and he was just hoping Richie would remember to pull out so they wouldn't have to relive another New Years incident.

"Ready for my cum, sweetie?" Richie pants above him as his thrusts start to get wild and sloppy.

"Yes, god, please..." Eddie pleads as he can feel his high already crashing over him. Right as he starts to finish Richie pulls out and tugs on himself desperately, pouring against his tummy at the same time as him.

Eddie closes his eyes and takes a moment to regain himself, not caring that he was completely naked in a public room. His eyes slipped open just enough to watch Richie grab some paper towels to wipe his stomach clean—Eddie winces at the way some of it leaks onto his finger and Richie sucks it off like it's no big deal.

When he's all cleaned up Richie starts to dress him again (after tucking himself back in his pants, of course) and leaves gentles kisses around his body as he does. He helps Eddie sit back up and leaves a small kiss on his lips. "You did so good, Eds..." he praises with a genuine smile before ruffling his hair.

When they step out into the living room everyone is gathering their things and starting to leave. "The game finally finished?" Richie pushes his thick glasses up his face.

"Yeah, and we're all exhausted..." Mike yawned as he left the house with Ben. Beverly gave Richie and Eddie both a hug before following suit and Stan tiredly trudged upstairs to Bill's room. Bill was still nowhere to be found.

Richie snaps his fingers "Now I remember what we're forgetting, your fanny pack." He leads him back into the kitchen by his hand and they stop when they come face to face with Bill.

The boy, who had a rather unamused expressed, dropped a bucket containing gloves and various cleaning products in front of them. "D...d-disinfect my fuh-fucking kitchen."

Author's Note:

Hello! I hope you enjoyed the third addition to my Reddie Smut Series!

If you would like to submit something for this series all suggestions are welcome but there are a few things I'd like for you to keep in mind: first off, I AM a high school student which means my schedule and availability varies with how much I have going on at school and even though I've been posting frequently

this week that could change; I could only post once a week, or maybe I could post 5 times in one weekend. Like I said, it all depends on what's going on in my life currently so I apologize if there's a prompt that's been waiting on the list for a while that I don't get to. Secondly, if you want to submit something and there's certain minor kinks you want to be added in (for example: daddy kink) I'm 100% okay with that unless it's something I'm uncomfortable writing but you MUST specify any other kinks you want to be added because I don't add anything that isn't suggested in case it might upset the person who originally suggested it because they maybe didn't want it or any other list of reasons. Lastly, like I said suggestions are always welcome but since I've been getting loads of lovely comments from readers (thank you for that, by the way. They're always appreciated) my prompt list will start to fill which DOES mean there might be a chance yours takes longer to happen. Also, I'm only human which means I might be more inclined to do certain prompts more than others because they interest me more, and I apologize for that. I write as a form of therapy and I only like to write things I enjoy, so I'm sorry if that bothers you but I'll try my best <3 please leave more suggestions below and if they become too much, on the next story I post (which will either be shower sex, bottom!Richie, or praise kink) I will indicate whether or not the prompt list is still open.

Sorry that was so long! Have a nice day!